

THE ADAMS FAMILY



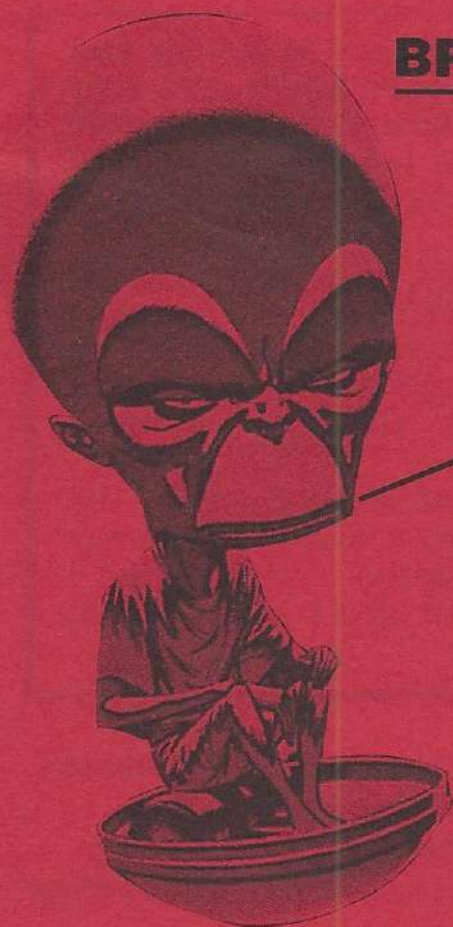
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AS ALIEN

WARRIOR



*Perhaps Col U will realise now...
I don't make idle threats. They
must and will be punished for their
crimes against soccer*

**EXCLUSIVE
PROFILE
INSIDE**

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

THE ADAMS FAMILY

**P.O. BOX 394 HIGH WYCOMBE
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Well once again I find myself scribe for the last T.A.F. of the season, and once again at a very crucial stage. The Third Division was fun while it lasted but you really do have to move with the times, and Wycombe (I hope) are a team that do just that.

In many ways this has been an odd season for both team and fans. New faces to play alongside and cheer, new visiting teams to jeer and a sad, horribly bleak spell when page three of our programme took time off for a sabbatical.

I will not prolong your wait any longer for the marvelous Terrace Tattle so it leaves me to say once more good luck Wycombe, if you get up I hope you stay there, if not don't worry 6,000 fans will be back whatever.

CONTRIBUTORS: Andy Dickinson, Dave Chapman, Jon Dickinson, Doug Peters, Neil Peters, Floyd Druid, Mr.Watts,Adam Zerny.

TAF IS AVAILABLE FROM...Wycombe Wines, Crendon Street, High Wycombe; WWFC Corner Flag shop, and our PO Box, address above (50p + sae).

THANK YOU...Bucks Free Press for use of photos.

ISSUE 13 sold approx 900 copies.....

So the season goes 'down to the wire' after this afternoon's defeat at Crewe and rather sadly leaves our fortunes in the hands of others. I couldn't get a ticket for the match due to the fact that the chance of a few extra quid in the bank blinded someone at WWFC into devising the most tawdry money grabbing scheme I have ever encountered in football.

Basically, if you don't have enough tickets for those who qualify for priority booking you make them queue for their tickets, and those who don't get up early enough lose out. Now doesn't that seem a logical idea? Don't be stupid, It makes far more sense to let people who have never been near Wycombe since the last Trophy final get their grubby pseudo mits on them. Basically if you were prepared to shell out extra cash for the 'Great Wycombe Coach Con', it didn't matter if you'd never seen a football in your life, you had as much chance as anyone.

I've spent a lot of time trying to fathom out the thinking behind this method of ticket distribution and try as I might I can see no other motive for it than the allure of pound signs. This summer I'm going to have to consider long and hard whether to purchase a season ticket, as the claim of a priority ticket seems about as honest as George Bush's 'Read my lips' election speech. Still, good luck to all those who got their tickets, because after all I could have had one, but sometimes you have to make a stand, even if you regret it when you're left with the lame efforts of 1170am to keep you informed (see Diary).

I sincerely hope that we avoid the play-offs, but if we don't I would hope that the powers that be will forget about their fantastic coach deal and play fair in any future games this season.

Of course this situation would have never arisen without the loving attention of Messrs.'s. Philip Don and John Brandwood. Phil is the referee who produces more cards than Clintons, except when sucking up to his premier league chums. Without his eight minutes of injury time we'd have been on our way to three points instead of one. Phil is also a headteacher by profession and if I were a parent with a child at his school I'd be moving them out pretty quickly, preferably to a place where the head could count to ninety without any problems.

Whilst still on the subject of Mr. Don, I'm grateful to Adam Zerny for sending TAF a cutting from the Watford Observer

which documents an incident involving Watford manager Glenn 'zzzzzz....' Roeder and Phil himself. What happened was that Hornets defender David Holdsworth got nussed by a Millwall defender, after which the Millwall lad decides to keel over like a sack of spuds holding his face. Mr. Don promptly sends of Holdsworth for punching him, even though he didn't. When video evidence comes to light proving Holdsworth's innocence, Mr. Don refuses to change his mind anyway. WO Sports editor Oliver Phillips also tells me that Mr. Don was seen on Sky Sports the other week arguing passionately against video evidence to correct referees mistakes. Could it be that Phil would like us not to see video evidence, for fear of it confirming our suspicions that England's World Cup official is nothing but an over officious prick?

Mr. Brandwood on the other hand was having a fairly decent game until his brain went AWOL on two mind blowingly crap decisions which cost us yet another two points. You have to sympathise with Stapes' old man who only did what all of us would have loved to, if we'd had the bottle. The cliché is that any bad decisions by referees even themselves out over the season, normally I'd agree but I can't think of any official generosity that has benefited us this season. Our position has definitely been attained despite the refs, perhaps we should change our shirt colour from blue to red and get sponsored by Carlsberg.

It's a shame the police weren't quite as alert at the Swansea game as they were with Simon's dad, but then it's always easier to act the hardman with one person than it is to a group. Outside the ground was the first time I'd felt uneasy, the darkened stretches of the industrial estate take on a new atmosphere when you're on your own with a posse of mad taffs marauding unsupervised. A number of people made quite a big deal about how brilliantly the police handled the Swansea fans, but I fail to see any great tactic in groups of police standing idly around as away supporters have unauthorised five-a-side games on the pitch. The end bit with the horses was quite impressive though, shame they didn't use them earlier. The Welsh truly are the saddest fans I've ever encountered, always causing aggro, widely racist and terminally sour. They've probably just got chips on their shoulders because no-one has coal fires any more.

You may have noticed that I haven't touched on as many games as usual, and that's because I've been on holiday. Getting Wycombe's results in the USA was far from cheap, Alan Hutchinson's bluesline is no respecter of International

phonecard units, and a Mail on Sunday (on Monday) was \$3.30. However there is a blues related story to this. As you may know The EPCOT center in Disneyland devotes an area of land to what they call 'World Showcases', basically a few shops selling cliched national wares (e.g. England had a pub called The Rose and Crown which sold Britain's favourite beer Bass Bitter, hmmm yes you see that everywhere these days). Whilst in the Morocco showcase it dawned on us that we actually knew a Moroccan superstar, namely Chuck Moussadik. You can imagine the excitement as we went up to no less than six members of staff and proclaimed, "We know Chuck Moussadik", sadly the Moroccans didn't and all looked very confused. Never mind Chuck, you'll find a place in their hearts someday.

BIT ON THE SIDE

T.A.F. can exclusively reveal that Sir Matt Crossley is doing a bit on the side, apart from doing enough on the field for Wycombe to surely earn Player of the Season he has been moonlighting as a top journalist for All Sport And Leisure, a free paper delivered in the Middlesex area. It was an Uncle of mine who lives in the area that alerted me to Sir Matt's column and duly sent me all of his literary works. And very fine they are too.

Sir Matt writes freely about his life as a top Wanderer, obviously aware that not many Wycombe fans would read his scribes. However we will now reveal some of his views and opinions. Apparently Chuck Mousadik thinks he is far too good for the Capital League and feels that he should be playing in the Premier, the Drug Squad tested two Wanderers players after a recent game and although Sir Matt didn't name names he blamed the fact that they ran around too much (Keith Ryan possibly?). Also according to Sir Matt the blues have a great team spirit and will pull through anything.

On other sporting issues Sir Matt predicted success for the England Cricket team in the West Indies (oh dear), brought the guillotine down on Graham Taylor after the Holland game, along with other blues players he won a tidy sum of money on Mickie Quinn's horse and obviously had to fight back the tears of rage when Torville and Dean failed to collect a gold medal in the Olympics.

Sir Matt has been writing this column for about seven months now and the only worry I have is that he has started rambling on about SKY T.V. rather like another person connected with the Blues, but then of course all the top journalists do nowadays. When I spoke to All Sport and Leisure they said that they are very pleased with Sir Matt's writing and are looking at distributing the paper in the High Wycombe area next year. But for now be careful what you write Sir Matt, we're watching you.



OH £&*% I've missed my deadline

A footballer banking on England's cricketers!

Many readers will have had their first glimpse of our regular columnist Matt Crossley in Wycombe Wanderers' 3rd round FA Cup match against Norwich City last month. Most will probably agree that he looked the part. But is the bold Matt really letting his heart rule his head when he suggests that England cricketers are in with a shout in their tour of the Caribbean.

Courtesy of All Sport and Leisure Monthly

STICK THAT IN YER PIPING

At a stage in the season when I should be lost in contemplation of the countless possibilities surrounding the promotion run-in, I find myself strangely distracted by the new Wanderers' home kit. For whilst most of the football world is consulting with its fans and plumping for a strip which harks back to the halcyon days of the '60's and early '70's, it seems that Wycombe have bucked the trend, becoming the first club to indulge in '80's retro-chic.

For evidence, just look first at the changes to those colours. The classic Oxford and Cambridge blues have been replaced by colours of such intensity that it has been suggested that they were chosen for psychological impact on the opposition. I can only say that when the kit "debuted" on the back of the Bucks Free Press, I put the eccentric colouring down to the BFP printers.

Then there is the embarrassing crest at the neck of the shirt - presumably the nearest thing to a medallion that could be achieved within FA rules. But if you still need convincing that the kit belongs in the era of stripy shirts and power braces, there is one feature that provides irrefutable evidence of its eighties origins. Piping. Yes, piping.

Piping must have pride of place along side the double breasted shirt in the annals of truly terrible fashion ideas. If this kit is in any way reflective of the fans, then Saturdays at Adams Park would surely see the terraces full of burgundy trousers and tassled loafers.

It is possible that the club has engaged some ultra-hip designers who appreciate that the back-to-the-seventies boom has peaked. Maybe the kit puts Wycombe in

the vanguard of football fashion. It is more likely, though, that the design emanates from that home of good taste and shell suits, Vandanel Leisure Inc, and from those within the club whose fashion credentials were so superbly summed up by Diane Medcraft's *exposé* on blue polyester blazers.

It could be that I am hampered in my judgements by colour-blindness or an antiquated sense of style, indeed it may be the case that mine is a lone dissenting voice. What galls me is that the club did not bother to find out what anybody wanted.

Other clubs have published kit options in their local press and asked fans to vote. A little consultation would surely not have hurt - perhaps club officials were too busy sulking to talk to the punters.

Given that the fans have to stare at the kit for two years and (apparently) wear it on the terraces, around the town, in Ibiza and in bed wouldn't it be a courtesy to ask what they thought? Moreover, wouldn't it be sound commercial sense?

The club has passed up the opportunity to find the most popular kit and maximise sales. Lack of consultation can lead to the kind of nightmares brought to Wycombe by Cambridge (fetching brown and yellow striped shorts) and Wigan (white shirt with 57 Heinz varieties thrown at it).

Meanwhile, the club has taken £1000 in advance orders for the new strip (at current prices this equates to four or five), so immediate action must be taken to salvage the situation. The sad souls who have paid over money must be saved from themselves before they come to lasting harm. Refunds and appropriate counselling must be arranged.

If you're asking me - and plainly nobody is - the strip should be plain, simple and pleasantly classic. The quartered shirts are still appreciated, but, while everyone is glad to lose the tacky sleeve detail, we can well do without the vigorous colours and crest at the neck. And piping? Well let's just leave that to Colonel Mustard in the library and forget it ever happened.

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Far be it from us to say "we told you so", but as predicted in Issue 13 of TAF, The Blues News has now become a paltry 12 sides, half of which is advertising space. Not so TAF - a bumper edition for just 50 new pennies and barely a commercial break in sight - are we good to you or what??

The groundsman strikes back!! Following our light-hearted jibes directed at Jim Gardner's "Clippings" column in Blues News, we have been put firmly in our place by the pitch-prodder himself, and his retaliation knew no bounds as he threatened and delivered a further chapter of his series of tips for the 'budding' pro! Seriously though, as already mentioned, we all reckon you do a top-notch job, Jim, and certainly make our pitch look like Bucky Palace lawn compared to some club's rutted allotments. As you took our proverbial 'blunt stick in the ribs' better than certain people we could mention (but won't), copies of this and our next few issues of TAF will be winging their way to you entirely free of charge. Keep up the good work, Sir!

After queuing for Preston tickets the other night, some of the TAF clan decided to go in and watch the Capital League game against Gillingham, to see how the rest of our squad were faring. One enthusiastic TAF scribe predicted a crowd of nigh-on 1000, but sadly as the game kicked off there were probably no more than 50 punters present. A fine game followed however, in which the 'reserve blues' looked fairly sharp. It's a shame that the C.L. doesn't get bigger crowds. At only £2, the price of a pint of beer, you can watch a good game, and I personally find it entertaining to hear the players shouting crudities at one another. I believe that if we can hold onto the majority of this powerful squad, we can win the Capital League next year and, who knows, gain entry into Europe.

If you can't get to a match on a Saturday afternoon and fancy a laugh, then tune into Phil Collins AM (aka 1170 AM) and listen to the Lee Shaw show. The host is your typical DJ, basically a cretin, and what's more he knows bugger all about football. Thankfully Alan "Hutch" does little match updates every 15 minutes to save the show from being truly awful. Infact I don't really know why I'm advertising it at all, it's awful and I'm depressed because we've just lost 2-1 to Crewe, which according to our host Mr Shaw is "good, because it sets us up for a cracker next week." Hang the DJ....Indeed.

GROUNDSMANS TIPS No.2

As recommended by... ALAN
TITCHMARSH



"When buying a trowel, always look for one with a sturdy screw-on handle, not one of these cheap hammered-on jobs - they'll let you down at vital times wif' ruddy disastrous consequences."



Next time: How to deal with rogue slugs and aphids.

Tales Of The Bootroom...

I was a child football prodigy. From the day I took my first faltering steps down the garden path and neatly slotted an old fallen apple between two fir trees, anyone watching could have seen the raw talent oozing from those size seven Clarks "Commandos". All the way through my school years the progression continued unabated, glowing sports reports from teachers, countless talent scouts swooning over the elan, style and industry of my midfield play, the moment of truth was surely not far away.

Sure enough an offer for my talents came in from a top ranking club. I'd met the club representatives and was being driven by the ex-pro coach to meet the "Gaffer" when it all fell apart.

The car came to a stop at a set of traffic lights, the ex-pro turned to me. "Ere mate, grab that box of tapes and stick something on the stereo. Anyone'll do."

"What've you got," I replied inquisitively.

"Ah all sorts mate, what d'you like."

"Got any Primal Scream?"

"Who?"

"Erm how about a bit of Blur?"

"Sorry, I've never 'eard of them"

"Nirvana then"

"Ah yeah, didn't they do that 'Two Princes' song?"

"No they bloody didn't!"

"How about 'Soul Provider' by Michael Bolton, I've got that?"

"Erm no thanks, I don't like plastic soul music."

That final statement was, in essence, the end of my footballing career. The ex-pro almost exploded with laughter, "You don't like soul music!" he chortled, "I suppose you don't like 'Only Fools and Horses' either?"

"No I don't."

The smile receded from the ex-pros face. "Why not?"

"Well for one It's not been even vaguely amusing for about six years. Two, It's got Uncle Albert, the most unfunny sitcom character ever, and thirdly It stars David Jason."

"What's wrong with him then?"

"Do the words 'The Darling Buds of May' and 'Perfick mean nothing to you?"

At this point the ex-pro stopped the car. "If you're going to start badmouthing David Jason then you can clear off right now." The door opened, my kitbag flew into the street closely followed by myself.

That night, I recounted the tale in a dream, in which I spoke to a wise old Scottish sage, who shook his head with sadness throughout the story. As I finished, he tugged at his crusty style goatee beard and made his profound judgement.

"Son, If ye cannae find solace in soul, brilliance in the works of Bolton, salvation in the rhymes of Rod Stewart, love in the quenching powers of a Lager and Lime, delight in the deity that is David Jason and succour from Steak and Chips, then ye shalt never play football again!"

"But how are you going to stop me, I've got the talent to succeed?"

"I shall place on ye a curse, when you return to earth ye'll become a London taxi driver, and although you'll remember all of your experiences, and ye'll be able to tell everyone of your skills, no-one will believe you because you are a taxi driver."

Suddenly I realised what was going on, all those taxi drivers who've had trials for Spurs, they're not lying, they just didn't own albums by Hot Chocolate and box sets of Kim Basinger movies. Kids, heed this warning. If you want to be a pro get yourself down to Kudos before it's too late..... "Honest guv I used to play alongside Gazza, lovely weather isn't it, I did have England schoolboy trials you know"



Sultry Songster Mariah Carey :

"If you don't like her, then you'll never play football son !"

Praise Be To J.C.

Over the past three seasons Jason Cousins has made the number two shirt his own. Arriving on a free transfer from Brentford (surely their loss) Jason quickly won over the Wycombe faithful with his cavalier style of defending.

I wouldn't say that Jason is a particularly dirty player, just misunderstood. Sure, he may have the odd rush of blood to his head but the majority of his bookings are for the fact that he just tackles bloody hard. Many is the time an opposing forward has been bearing down on the Wycombe goal only to have Jason come flying in, locked onto the ball like an exocet missile. The sheer momentum often brings down the man AFTER the ball has been played and Jason receives a stern talking to from the man in black.

I've rarely seen Jason mistime a tackle or have bad game. The way he throws his body in the way of shots suggests that he has no fear. I remember at home to West Brom last season when one of their strikers was shaping up to score what would have been their third goal. Suddenly there was a streak of blue flashing across the pitch as Jason somehow managed to slide in and block the shot. The Bromsgrove Rovers game, also, will always be remembered for him getting his head in the way of the ball and being knocked out cold for a few hours.

Jason isn't the tallest of players but he is supreme in the air. On the odd occasion he has been switched to centre back he has dealt efficiently with everything thrown at him.

Last year he received the recognition he deserved, captaining the team. When Creaser was injured I thought Jason was the natural replacement. He led in the way that Stuart Pearce or Tony Adams lead, through commitment and leading by example.

When we reached the FA Trophy final last season no one had even contemplated losing to Runcorn, we just knew we would win. However, surely no one predicted that Jason Cousins would be the first goalscorer. A 25 yard free kick in the first couple of minutes was a dream start. My lasting memory of that final will be Jason's celebrations, scaling the Wembley fence with his fist in the air while kicking away stewards who were trying to coax him down.



— This season has had it's highs and lows. The much publicised double sendings-off could cost him a few votes in this year's player of the season but he has shown tremendous control ever since.

Stripped of the captaincy and on a final warning Jason returned in spectacular form against Coventry City. Keith Ryan was undoubtedly Man Of The Match but Jason was as much a hero as anyone else that night. Another thunderous free kick (which Steve "I'm the ugliest football player ever" Ogrizovic will be a bit disappointed about) very nearly completed one of the most amazing come backs in cup football.

This season Jason has got better and better and has been incredibly consistent. His swashbuckling attacking runs of late have been superb. He got his just reward with one of the goals of the season at home to Scunthorpe. A great run down the right, nice link up with Steve " I may be small but I'm bloody skilful" Thompson and bang.... the ball's stuck in the stanchion and the 'keeper can't pick it out.

Jason Cousins is The Adams Family's player of the season and I for one will be highly surprised if he isn't the supporters player of the season.

Jason Cousins we salute you.



JASON SALUTES YOU.....13

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EXCLUSIVE

**ALIENS AT
ADAMS PARK**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LOVING THE ALIEN.....

Whilst watching a recent Capital League game at Adams Park one particular players performance stood out from the rest. With his bone crunching challenges and super human leaps for headers I felt the need to speak to Steve Brown and confirm my suspicions. After the game I approached the "man" and here is how the conversation went.

Me: Steve, I have reason to believe that you are not of this planet.

Steve: Jumping Jarzogonites I've been rumbled. How did you find out?

Me: The extraordinary physical strengths you exhibit on the pitch made me doubt your humanity.

Steve: Oh boznorks, I try to contain my power but you humans are such a weak species, one small nudge and every puny bone is broken.

Me: Now I know your an alien could you tell me where your from etc?

His eyes start rolling round at a fast speed then turn bright yellow and stop.

Steve: My name is Argzorf, I am from the planet Slougshite and my mission is to learn the game you call football and teach it to my fellow Slougshiters, then instead of civil wars disagreements can be sorted out on a football pitch, thus saving my race from extinction.

Me: Good idea Argzorf, but why come to Wycombe Wanderers?

Argzorf: Our spiritual leader told me that there are two reasons why. Firstly Wycombe are the finest up and coming team on earth and secondly my super-charged challenges would not stand out so much with Jason Cousins on the pitch.

Me: Never has a truer word been spoken Argzorf. But please answer me just one more question, pray tell who is your spiritual leader.

Argzorf: I believe you earthlings call him Superman, he would have taught the game to us Sloughshitters himself but sadly his skills were drained from him while travelling through the solar system Coluscum. On my planet he is known as Super Trevor Aylott.

At this point I felt the need to split my sides with uncontrollable laughter, so not wanting to offend Argzorf I bade him farewell and with these stunning revelations left him to worship his leader.

SIMON SAYS...



Ronnie Rosenthal
wouldn't have done
any better.....

It has certainly been a bizarre month for Wycombe's cultured utility man, Simon Stapleton. Surprisingly recalled in place of the solid Dave Titty, he conjured up a contender for worst miss of the decade, if not millennium, against Rochdale with barely 2 minutes left on the clock; Simon was forced, rather sheepishly I would imagine to accept the Laurent Perrier Man-Of-The-Match award. He had only had a reasonable game by his standards, so the irony of this feat was further augmented by his unbelievable ball-juggling muff on the line.

People will have seen his two point-wasting comedy antics from differing angles, but from where I was stood on the Valley End, the ball seemed to defy the ordinary laws of physics and strike every part of his anatomy except those travelling in a goalbound direction. He even managed to steer the ball away from the incoming Simon "The Godfather" Garner and onto the keeper's fist. Strangest of all is how Stapes was talking to the Midweek a couple of week's back, saying that he didn't want to get involved in the play-offs as it takes 2 weeks off your summer holidays! This, of course, for young Simon

means 2 weeks' less sun-worshipping somewhere tropical.

The following Saturday against Scunthorpe saw Stapes give a solid performance again at full-back, and second-half chanced his 'trusty' right boot from all of 25 yards, striking a post in the process. How many of you though spotted the umpteenth crap ref we've been blessed with this season physically applauding this effort? Had word got round to Mr.Brandwood of Simon's risible gaff on the Tuesday (thus the cruel mock praise), or was it a genuine gesture of encouragement?

Further amusement was provided just after the final whistle, with what turned out (allegedly) to be Simon's Old Man running on the pitch to take the ref to task about Scunny's goals, both of which were controversial to say the least. Both Simon and Alphonso Kerr intervened to keep embarrassment to a minimum, but despite a police escort off the pitch, Mr.Stapleton Snr. was later seen quaffing an ale in the Blues Club, seemingly none the worse for his exploits.

Could it be that the Curse of the Crap Hairstyles that has plagued Wycombe players for several years now is seeking its revenge on Simon's ropey highlights (a la Bowie - "Serious Moonlight" tour)? Don't forget that TAF's own soccer medic, Willy Procter, can always put you in touch with a trained coiffeur therapist, who can sort out all manner of barnet requirements. Free initial consultancy service available.

DR. WILLY PROCTOR

Hi guys and gals!

Willy's here again, but I must confess to being a trifle gutted at the petit size of my column (oo-er). I do hope It'll return next season at it's full length, but I must issue a quick "PROCTOR PLAY-OFF WARNING", to the players. I hoped I wouldn't have to grass on the guys concerned, but Lads, you must beat Preston and hope Crewe Lose, or you'll be a couple of players short. Me Thommo, Bonnie and young Dave Titterton are going on an exotic cruise for 4 on May 7th. My sloop is fitted and ready, so win, please win.....else my life will be in tatters.



Letters.....

Dear TAF,

Just thought I'd drop you a line to say how nice it was to read your comments in the "Sounds of the Stars" article in issue 13. I was the DJ ("was I really a "DJ" ?) who was dedicated to the routine of The Liquidator at 2.45, and the Colourbox World Cup Theme at 2.55, before home games at Loakes Park. I actually copied The Liquidator idea from Chelsea, who used to play it before home games in the 70's. As for the Colourbox track, I was just a fan really, and though I know the song had it's supporters at Loakes Park (mainly the younger ones), I can reveal that I used to get some rather disdainful looks from one or two directors as I cranked up the volume on that tinny Loakes Park PA. (yes, even tinnier than the one at Adams Park).

I'd just like you to know that if you are thinking of starting a campaign to bring back the two themes and you manage to persuade the current DJ - I've still got the records.....!

Simon Burrage

Lane End,

High Wycombe.

Here at TAF we send out this message to the current announcer/so called DJ..... Look mate, getting into the ground early means having to listen to nigh on an hours worth of your crap. We realise that you have to suck up to the various corporate sponsors every 5 minutes, but how's about something more than Tina Turner, Elton John or errrr, Tina Turner. As stated before TAF would willingly DJ for free, an offer that still stands.

Woodlands Woe

Over the last three or four years we have seen a steady increase in the crowds at Adams Park. The capacity has been increased from 6000 to around 8000. However, whenever we get a crowd of 5500+ (most games) the Woodlands Terrace (I don't think I will ever bring myself to call it the Davenport Vernon Stand) is shut by about 2:40.

The Woodlands, despite being the largest section of the ground, seems to be the forgotten stand. It took two years of ridiculous queues before the club, to their credit acting on a letter from a supporter, added an extra turnstile. After nearly four years crush barriers have now been installed. Rather than increasing the capacity these seem to have reduced it. Each barrier takes up a step and the yellow gangways take up more space. Thankfully the club are currently applying for a new safety certificate which could allow an extra 800



Oh Yes..... I will get into the Woodlands today.

onto the terrace.

I'd love to know who it is that decides these crowd restrictions. Have they ever been to a match at Adams Park? I have recently been locked out of the Woodlands and had to stand on the Valley (sorry, Bucks Free Press stand). On each occasion the Valley has been pretty much packed all the way along yet the Woodlands only looks three quarters full. How is it that it's safe to fill the Valley but not the Woodlands?

I know we are not exceeding our capacity at the moment but if we do go up and start playing bigger clubs we may get to the point where we have lock outs. If this happens then something will have to be done.

The club have already considered this possibility and , at great personal risk, I have managed to get hold of a copy of the clubs plans.

The first idea is to enlarge the ground. The terraces are built in such a way that expansion would be relatively easy. If this was to happen I sincerely hope the club don't follow the leads of Brentford and Hereford by building cack stands on stilts which leave the terrace with a greatly obstructed view. However redevelopment would be expensive. Personally I think the club should build an 80000 all seater stadium which could be hired out to the FA for England games and cup finals which will bring in extra revenue for the club.

A cheaper alternative is to install a giant video screen on the Rye and broadcast games live. The obvious danger with this is that we may end up with 9000 folk on the Rye and only 1500 at the ground. Maybe Wycombe 6 could be hired out each Saturday afternoon. The club could charge Adams Park prices to sit in Screen 1 (Main Stand) Screen 2 (Family Stand) Screen 3 (Valley) etc.

A total ban on away fans or reducing the away fans enclosure may be an obvious solution but it would also

be an unpopular one. Blues fans may find themselves refused admission to away grounds.

I think I have come up with the most fool proof answer to any capacity problems. Play crap! I can guarantee that after only 4 or 5 defeats on the trot we will see a drop of at least 1500 "loyal" supporters. Personally speaking, I'll settle for top results and top crowds

10 THINGS ABOUT COL *****

1. Player/Manager/Permhead Roy McDonough did in fact live in Wycombe as a youth! After finishing School at 16, Roy took on the position of Junior Florist at "Pat's Flowers", which is still going strong in the Octagon. Roy's keen interest in all things floral continued when he went into football, and he now holds 40% of the shares in the "Interflora" company.

2. Left Winger Nicky Smith has enjoyed a showbiz background ever since he was a nipper. His brother is in fact Duncan "chase me" Norvell (his stage name) whilst his best mate at school was the hilarious comic Joe Pasquale, who recently has had the nation in tears of mirth in the excellent "Celebrity Squares".

3. Eire Under-21 midfielder Mark Kinsella is a well known collector of things. A keen philatelist, he recently spent £6,000, a years wages, on a Penny Black stamp. He also proudly owns every copy of the yearly published Guinness "Book of World Records", a feat that found him a new friend, Norris McWhirter.

4. At the recent christening of Roy's son, Ronald, Roy was pleased to announce Lionel Blair as the lad's Godfather. The well-known captain on TV's "Give us a Clue" was said to be "very honoured".

5. Club Captain Tony English, and centre-back Martin Grainger are recovering from knocks having been beaten up at a recent party in London by the infamous duo Ronnie and Reggie..... No funnily enough not the Krays, but showbiz personalities Ronnie Corbett and Reginald Dwight, the latter more commonly known as Elton John.

6. The showbiz links continue.... Experienced Pro Alan Dickens gave up football temporarily in the early eighties to become a roadie for Eurovision Greats "Bucks Fizz". He actually got on so well with the band, that to this very day he shares a pad with one time singer Mike Nolan.

7. In his spare time, keen florist Roy McDonough also dabbles in fancy pastries and sponge cakes. He sells them at fetes around the country, and donates the profits to the local "old folks" home.

8. Colchester United's most famous supporter is that well renown clubber Peter Stringfellow, who can usually be seen sitting on the bench at most home games.

9. Ex-Colchester United striker Perry Groves was actually booted out of the club in the mid-eighties for being too cool.

10. One of the oldest towns in Great Britain, Colchester has a proud and rich history. The Phrase "Layer Roadus", as many Latin lovers will no doubt tell you, is the Roman collective word for a "group of donkeys". Good to see tradition holding up.....

IS THERE A STEWARD IN YOU

A topic that occasionally rears it's head in our fanzine is that of the steward. We feel it's become quite apparent that the stewards seem more obvious than before and it's time a serious piece should be dedicated to them. After all these individuals do help run our club like clockwork.

It does however seem a lot of people think that some of our stewards only do it because at school these chaps lacked complete authority and rarely had any friends. It's also a free way to see the game. How unjust, these upright members of our community do this job for nowt. How many people would willingly look like a prize prick in a luminous coat and Howard Jones mic for nothing.

A large number of British stars claim they hold their present positions purely because of the time they spent as a Wycombe steward. Before Chris Eubank fought Benn in the first confrontation he did six months on the door of the Blues Club bar after games as a

pre fight training session. Timothy Dalton when preparing for The Living Daylights worked on the Hillbottom End to help him concentrate on the more violent scenes in that film. Talk about method acting. Rumour has it that the BBC are at present writing a new series. Head man John Birt said ITV have 'Soldier Soldier', 'London's Burning' as well as the very popular 'Bill'. It's about time we added to 'Casualty' our equivalent, 'Stewards'.

I do think that Wycombe's fluorescent yellow army did an excellent job against Swansea. I was disgusted with the Welsh fans. If I had possessed a yellow coat I would have jumped on the pitch and would have probably been arrested myself. Our stewards kept their cool, well done. I wouldn't do that for anything. I hope you were given a burger and soup.

Much as we laugh, I have no wish to be one and we all have our favourites. Ours is Chris Eubank's replacement, Tricky Dicky, on the bar door. He can take a joke better than most, good on yer sir.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

To make up for our past misdemeanours "The Adams Family" has devoted some of it's valuable editorial space to ensuring that the line of men and women who will make up our future football guardians shall never run dry. If you are keen to 'Join the club' then check out your skills by answering these questions as you relax on the terraces. Remember there is no right or wrong, common sense is more important when forging a bond of trust between.....(Yes I think we've got the message you rambling bore.....ed).

Fill in the missing words; (answers at foot)

- A) "No I can't let you through, It's more than my _____
- B) " I don't make the _____ up mate"
- C) "Don't ask me _____"
- D) "What do you mean use the _____ to find out, It doesn't work, It's just for show.
- E) "No you can't come in here, it's not allowed..... unless you're my _____ of course.

ANSWERS: a) jobsworth b) rules c) I only work here d) walkie talkie e) girlfriend/ boyfriend/ imaginary friend.

IF YOU SCORED FIVE SEEK MEDICAL ADVICE .

BAFTA SNUBS TWO ALANS

What cheese , what snarm, what back slapping and what a great piss take.

Alan Parry and Alan Hutchinson have truly managed to write a piece of comic genius. They were clearly swindled by not receiving a BAFTA after a fine, well structured delivery of their hilarious plug over the Adams Park P.A. Us punters could hardly believe our ears when the comic duo unleashed their invigorating and quirky conversation to the crowd of bemused fans. The pair seemed so relaxed and matey it almost sounded like Mr. Parry was giving out his home number rather than the Eleven Seventy one. The more tubby member of the duo (all double acts have one) Mr. Hutch, was more than happy to advise us supporters to spend our hard earned loot by listening to his Blues line.

I would like to suggest that next season rather than the right honourable Mike Phillips taking to the turf at half time Messrs. Parry and Hutch should tread the turf telling untold amounts of gags, superseded by Billy Bonqua singing his Wycombe tribute. I feel with this Wycombe will become the cabaret centre of Europe.

Having said all this I don't wish to land myself in Goldeworthy depths of hot water. so chaps the truth is, I loved it. I'll even give your show a plug. Unfortunately we're told that we're uneducated and illiterate, so this won't be quite as good as yours.

Alan Parry's Sportecall is on Radio 1170am on Friday between 11am and 12 noon.

Alan Hutchinson's Blue's Line is on 0891 446855, updated daily.

Lastly chaps, to be honest, you can't broadcast ad's like that and expect them to go unnoticed. We'll always be there to comment.

THE 1st ANNUAL T.A.F. AWARDS

WIN A NEW WANDERERS SHIRT COMPETITION

For just 10 minutes' effort sometime between now and the end of the month, you could win yourself a brand new Wycombe replica shirt (home or away), simply by filling and returning the enclosed TAF end-of-season questionnaire. All completed (or even mostly completed if the response is poor) entries will be tossed into a tombola and a top celebrity roped in to pick a winner.

If your name is on it, then a splendid replica shirt of your choice will find its way to your loving arms free of charge! What could be easier? If you don't fancy cutting up your copy of the nation's No.1 fanzine, and frankly who would, then just write 1-17 down the side of a bit of paper and write your answers beside the corresponding number - we'll do the rest. Don't forget to include your name, address, shirt style (blue, yellow or green) and approximate girth (skinny runt, modest in all departments, Paul Hyde-esque, darts player etc.). Results of this comprehensive survey will be published in the first issue of next season, so thanks for taking the time and the best of British to you all! Closing date for entries, 31st May 1994.

TAF 1993/94 SEASON QUESTIONNAIRE

1. BEST PLAYER.
2. MOST IMPROVED PLAYER.
3. BEST SIGNING.
4. STRANGEST INCLUSION/OMISSION BY MARTIN.
5. BEST MOMENT OF SEASON.
6. MOST HEINOUS DISAPPOINTMENT.
7. WORST OFFICIAL(S) . (just your Top 10 will do!).
8. FINEST AWAY-DAY OUTING.
9. BEST GROUND VISITED.
10. WORST GROUND VISITED.
11. BEST PROGRAMME (inc. WWFC).
12. WORST PROGRAMME.
13. GOAL OF THE SEASON.
14. MISS/NON-SAVE OF THE SEASON (clue: his initials are S.S.).